

Rev. Jones on Breckinridge and
Rev. McGarvey on Noah's
Ark.

A country church called Providence has dispensed with the religious ministrations of Rev. J. B. Jones, because Brer. Jones preached and wrote against Breckinridge. I myself think that all good men who for conscience sake have voted against Breckinridge ought not to even up by voting against Owens, but I am glad to have this opportunity to stand by a preacher when the preacher has done right.

I have heard and read pretty much all of the oratory and literature to which the famous Breckinridge campaign has given birth. The very finest, in that line, that has been produced, are the letters of Rev. Jones of Lexington to Lexington newspapers, against Breckinridge. They were alike fine in moral sentiment and in literary style. The biggest fool things that the campaign has produced, excepting perhaps Brer. Owens' speeches, were the letters of Prof. James Pointz Nelson against Prof. Jones.

Rev. Jones now finds himself in the position commonly designated, in Kentucky secular journalism, as "between the devil and the deep blue sea." If he does not use his office to rebuke such a proposition as that to send Breckinridge back to Congress, the leaders of the country, which is nearly all outside of the church, does not care for him or for his preaching.

It is a fact now that no highly cultivated and highly moral man is ever known in mature years converted to the church, and if the church holds its own against the inroads that enlightenment and honesty are now making upon it, it will have to do so by the sword of the respect of the thinking outsiders. The time has come when thinking men are going to repudiate the miracles of religion, and discard all belief in Gods and angels and devils, and hell and purgatory and heaven, and they are going to demand that religion in order to its further existence among an enlightened people shall be some thing which practically takes hold of the every day affairs of life, and intelligently and earnestly means to try to make men and women better and happier.

In this high sense Rev. Jones has been doing some thing that was creditable to him and to the church when he opposed Breckinridge. The fact is that Rev. Jones has been reading the BLUE GRASS BLADE, and the Rational View, and that combination is pretty apt to get the kinks out of the head of almost any preacher who has the brains to appreciate it.

Rev. Jones is a minister in the Christian church, and his congregation of country clod-hoppers, say they will not support him in his views. One of his audience became so excited that he called out from his pew, "Brother Jones, the women have made a fool of you."

Now what should a man like Jones do? Ought he to stand his ground like a man, or back down to suit the complexion of his congregation, at least nine out of ten of whom I suppose, vote for the liquor traffic, while Jones votes against it. That Providence congregation is I suppose almost unanimously in favor of the liquor traffic and are consequently in favor of Breckinridge who has distinguished himself as a friend of the whisky interest, and the sympathy between the saloon and the bawdy is so close and intimate that that Providence congregation very naturally condones Breckinridge's sin.

If Jones backs down he not only surrenders his own manhood, but he encourages that and other congregations to do the same. That is why I think that Breckinridge is a man who is generally despised, and he makes it all the harder for any other preacher who has strong convictions of moral duty to say what he honestly believes. With all the boasted intelligence of Lexington.

"With all its colleges and schools, its Latin names for horns and stools, there is not a preacher here, who, in his department has risen above the level of mediocrity. Why could we not have a Beecher, or a Swing or a Cave? I have talked to two out of that three, and have talked to Rev. Prof. Jones, and as far as I can judge Jones is intellectually the equal of any of them. It is not so much the fact that those men were so intellectually superior to others, as that they were more willing to say what they think than others, in their line, have been that they have made more impression upon the world. I do not care what Parkhurst believes about theology, but I admire the man because he has gone above the fripperies of theological dogma, and has taken the bull by the horns, and is now fighting immorality in a practical way.

I do not even know to what church Parkhurst belongs, and I do not care to know. We need a man like him in Lexington, the city which exerts the greatest immoral influence of any city in the United States. This is because this is a great whisky and race horse market, and because here more than any place in the world, the sanction of religion is given to these immoralities.

I am profoundly disgusted with the fact that in the midst of all these evils, a man with the ability of John W. McGarvey, can stop to write articles in defence of a fool story like that of Noah's Ark. I will not so prostitute my intelligence of the age in which I live, as to show to any educated people the absurdity of the story of Noah's Deluge. If it is a fact that any considerable number of the educated people of this country still believe that story then all the absurdities in morals with which our land is filled are but fitting corollaries to a religious faith that is so irrational.

It is not merely shameful and disgraceful that men should believe, or pretend to believe, and teach such ignorant rot. It is simply impossible that any sane mind can accept such a story, and when the clergy of the country, teach people to say that they believe as unreasonable a lie as the story of Noah's Ark to be true, they systematically inject into the people the spirit of lying and hypocrisy in connection with their religion, that fills the church with liars and hypocrites.

The result is that the church is now a great fashionable money making sham, and when we appeal to it, having all the power to do what it wants, in its hands, we appeal to an institution devoid of any moral quality, and which is willing to substitute a faith in miraculous and absurd stories, for good deeds of humanity.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles," a Story About the "Double Standard" of Virtue.

I have been reading "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." It is a story intended to show the injustice of the difference between the world's treatment of a young woman who has lost her virtue and a young man who has done the same thing. Whatever may be the conclusion at which we are to arrive about this matter, one thing is certain, and that is that

justice should be done between man and woman as much as between man and man. Certainly not only gallantry and mercy, but justice even, demands that if there is to be any discrimination between men and women as to the responsibility for their morals, the discrimination should be in favor of the woman.

The fact that this is not the case is simply the result of the fact that man being the physically stronger has taken the making of the laws, and the manufacture of public sentiment into his own hands, and he has made this discrimination between men and women in his own favor.

It is simply an outrage, and an instance of brute violence to a woman, that the woman is ruined by being only woman, and that women themselves will sanction this while they will honor men by their smiles and their society that they have reason to believe are habitually guilty of society impurity.

While there are hundreds of such ruined women, in a town like this, where is one man whose social standing has been damaged by this personal impurity? Certainly justice demands that two things should be done. Either women who have fallen from loss of virtue should be restored to society, or the men who have been the occasion of their downfall should be shamed by the denunciation of society. There is no possible reason why the public should make any difference in the treatment of the two sexes, in this regard.

If we decide that there are so many men guilty of this crime that it would be impractical to punish them by social ostracism, or by law, then we have no right to blight the life of a woman, because she has done wrong once when a man can, with impunity, persist in this sin. I do not know what the consequences to society would be, if society recognized impurity in women as it does in men, but I do know that justice must be done if the heavens fall, or if we do not know that as plain a maximum as that is true then we do not know anything, and there is no sense in making moral laws.

We have lately had, it seems in Lexington, a case about like that of "Tess" and her seducer. A beautiful girl is seduced by a rich man. She must go into obscurity or worse for the balance of her life, but he will, just as much as ever, be received into what is called the "good society" of the city.

The women in society in the town, who, in this regard, have lived proper lives, are largely responsible for this. Through fear of the men they have learned to join with the men in condemning their own sex more than the other sex. It is unjust, unkind, and unwomanly. The woman who will withdraw her recognition from a woman who has once fallen, and at the same time recognize a man who she knows is no purer than the fallen woman is not herself worthy of the name of a woman, and has committed a sin scarcely less than that of the fallen woman.

The woman of wealth and fashion and influence, who is aware of her power in this line, and is afraid to exercise it in behalf of fallen women, while she socially recognizes impurity in men, is scarcely better woman if at all than the fallen woman to whom she is unwillingly to reach a helping hand, lest men might think she had been contaminated by the touch.

How Religion and Vice go Hand in
Hand in Lexington.

I am the enemy of religion because religion is the friend of sin. I propose, in this article, to show that immorality increases, in Lexington, just in the ratio that religion does, and so far as I know, the same is true elsewhere.

This is exactly what an intelligent man would expect to be true. All religion is false, and all of its effects must, therefore be false and immoral.

There are some religious people who are good, but they are good in spite of their religion rather than as a consequence of it. Lexington is a religious stronghold and yet with only about 30,000 inhabitants, it exerts an immoral influence not second to Chicago or New York City.

This distinction of this city is its churches, theological university, distilleries, saloons, the tracks, gambling dens, houses of prostitution, and tobacco trade.

The two men who are, to-day admired by more people than any other two men in this city, are Brer. Breckinridge and Brer. Owens, the first having a national reputation as a libertine and the latter as a gambler.

The most influential church here is that known as the "Christian," "Campbellite" or "Reform," but now generally recognized as the "Christian" church. That denomination has, within the last five years, built three churches here, and is now beginning to build another house to increase its already extensive facilities for educating young men for the ministry. In these depressed times that institution is flourishing.

Two of the three new buildings erected by this denomination are very large and handsome, and one is palatial—much the handsomest thing of the kind in the city, and I suppose the finest church building in the State. The Presbyterians and Episcopalians have within the last four or five years, built additional churches here, and the Methodists are building a new one now.

The church and religion are greatly venerated here. A few evenings since, I saw a crowd that was gathered at the door of the largest Episcopal church of this city. The house was so packed that the people filled the aisles solidly while standing, and ladies and gentlemen filled the street in front of the church to the opposite side.

A rich banker's daughter was being married to a rich Cincinnati banker. The Young Men's Christian Association is in full blast in this town, and I am the only man in the town who will dare publicly to say anything disparaging to religion. There never was any town more thoroughly dominated by any influence than is this town by religion, and this town is a shining example of what a community will be when religion gets control of it.

It only remains then to show what is being done here now, to show the legitimate consequence of religious influence, and I will simply mention the new buildings.

One of the handsomest new houses in the city, built on the site of a baronial castle, and to the permanency and stability of which I have unusual opportunities to testify, is the jail.

It is a very attractive building and should have been built in a prominent position, as an ornament to the city. The capacity of the new jail over the old one, is increased in just about the same proportion that the capacity of the churches has been increased.

A saloon has recently been started in a splendid new building in this city that overshadows anything ever before seen here. When I can first remember, these saloons were called bar rooms; then the name saloon became the more elegant name, and now this new establishment in gold letters on plate glass calls itself a cafe.

Saloons, hitherto, have generally been

on out-of-the-way streets, so that men could slide into them unobserved. This last venture in that line, however, comes out on the most prominent part of the town, right opposite the old Main Street Christian Church.

It was built by money won on race horses, and is named for a race horse.

All the newspapers in town have sung its praises, and especially the Observer, edited by the Christian candidate for Superintendent of the public schools. Editor Hodges said to me that he was ashamed to print his editorial advertising that cafe, but said he "had to do it to get money."

The rage for getting money in this town is greater than it ever was before. The city is building palatial new banks and security vault buildings, and the men at the head of them are always men distinguished for their prominence in churches.

The race horse gambling business is in the most flourishing condition ever known. At the running race track, the regular or trotting races, had a few years ago have all taken away, and replaced by a most costly and permanent and attractive grand stand and club house. The famous fair ground, that was originally really here, is only here in name now. They used to exhibit on that ground all kinds of live stock and agricultural products and implements.

The plain buildings formerly there have been replaced by most elegant and commodious buildings, and now only a display of poultry and flowers and vegetable and fruit and fancy work in the floral hall, is there simply as an excuse for people to go to the trotting race under the pretence of going to a fair.

The only things that make the people come there are the trotting races, exactly like they have them at the professed trotting races. Not even other varieties of horses attract any interest there. Soon after the fair, and on the same ground, the regular or trotting races, exactly like they flood this town with the lowest description of ignorant and vicious men. The fair is simply a training school for the race track.

One of the great improvements to this city is Megowan street. The buildings are nearly all new, and the whole street is used for houses of prostitution. Some of these are run by white women and some by negro women, and the whole prostitution business has the appearance of thriving.

A right new and elegant building there is the establishment of Miss Belle Breckinridge. Four or five years ago she occupied a small establishment on North Upper street. Her house now is an elegant affair, and is elegantly furnished.

A new feature in entertainment here, that is a great assistance to the establishment of Miss Breckinridge, is the exhibition of naked women, at the Opera house, which is attended by the highest Christian ladies and gentlemen of the city. The manager who conducts this exhibition was brought up in the Christian church and is now a good Christian, and his parents are members in full fellowship at the fine new Christian church to which I have alluded.

I went to that show simply to be able to certify personally as to its character. I should feel deeply mortified, and distressed if one of my sons should go to that entertainment at which I saw a large audience of men and women gazing in admiration, and with applause. Amid all this enterprise, there are having developed here, there is one building that is old and neglected and needs painting, and has a general tumble down air about it. It is the Orphan Asylum on West Third street.

There is here a Catholic Asylum that is in a fine and flourishing condition. It has immense new buildings added to it that I never knew anything about until I saw them only the day before I wrote this article.

This institution is supported by the public money, furnished it by the officials here, in order to keep the Irish faithful to Democracy and it is run by the Catholics as a means of converting Protestants to Catholicism.

Catholics and Protestants are the great Christian parties of this town. Those two bodies of Christians hate each other so cordially, that one is not willing to be buried in the same ground where the other is, so that out West Main street they have two cemeteries one all Catholics and the other all non-Catholics, while the few whose daddy wrote the Bible will not be buried with either of them, but has a place all to himself. If they get up an infidel cemetery I am going to buy a lot in it.

If it turns out to be true that some of these days Gabriel is going around these cemeteries and blowing a horn to wake them all up I don't want to be where he will be liable to disturb my rest. I want just to sleep right straight on without any waking.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Beer, Wine, Gin, Cigars, Tobacco and Other Religious Articles for Sale by Brer. Danahy.

The following is sent me in a letter from Lexington. The first part down to the name "T. J. Danahy & Sons," is printed, and the balance below that is written in a business hand.

Ordinarily I would not advertise the gin and tobacco, but I am willing in this case to do it with the hope of saving some souls by the prayer books and rosaries.

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 1, 1894.

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Your patronage is solicited.

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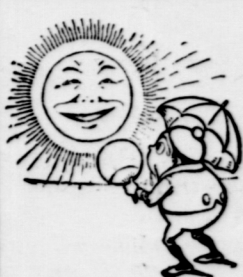
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We are better prepared to do this than anybody, and if we don't do it for as little outlay as anywhere in the country, return anything you buy from us, and get your money back.

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A Lexington Woman Who Does Not Believe the Bible Strikes Out From the Shoulder at Her Christian Sisters, and Nobly Comes to the Defense of Fallen Women.

WANTED—A LIST OF THE NAMES OF PROMINENT MEN OF LEXINGTON WHO GO TO HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 3, 1894.
Dear Brother Moore:
I thought a few words on the question you are now agitating would not come amiss from the pen of a woman.

Who are the ones who have heretofore taken the last prop from under fallen women? Every one knows. It is an open secret. It can be told in two words. Good women.

The workers for the erring sister will have to go carefully, they must think and learn all sides of the question and be broad enough to take a liberal view of it.

Let us be sure that our own armor is true steel before we attempt to break through the brazen solidity of theirs. If we intend to make these women social lepers the men who sin with them ought to be put into the same boat, to sail upon the same black sea.

The men who frequent these places do not consider the inmates fit to become their wives, but they take themselves to the fairest and purest in the city, and offer them as rank an insult by asking these girls to marry them as they would by asking them to become their mistresses.

But poor children they do not know it, and the result is generally lives of misery led with brutish by not fit to touch their hands; the bright dreams of sweet girlhood, how are they shattered!

Did not vice Breckinridge say with a virtuous air, "I never invited a woman with whom I had sinned to become my wife?" Was not this sickening to come from such lips? Whom else was he fit to marry?

But enough of him. I leave him to his God and the spirit of the lovely wife of his youth, whom he will have to face hereafter. I pity him from the depths of my soul, yet I pity the fallen women more, the victims of his kind.

Some times one of these women makes a grand atonement for a mis-spent life. Who in this city does not remember the tragedy of the girl who saved the life of a little boy, and died in terrible agony from fire? No martyr on the rack ever betrayed more heroism to an admiring world. Do you not suppose there are more of them like her, and are they not worth saving for their own sakes leaving religion aside? They are amiable, and their lives tend to make them sensual.

We must lead them slowly; give them cause to love and trust us, and half the battle will have been won.

But, on the other hand, they cannot demand and expect social recognition and respect at once. They must prove their sincerity to us, "fore they can expect us to take them into our homes and treat them as equals."

At present they are not equals, and cannot be created as such until they become so. They cannot deny this, and we must not in what they say, for they know it is but the truth.

I believe in a Creator, a great spirit all love, and in the immortality of the soul; yet I do not despise an infidel.

I do not believe in the Bible, nor do I believe Christ to have been the son of God, except as all men are his sons. If a man or a woman is moral, pure and true, I care nothing for his or her belief, but love and respect them. I am not a church member, and never will be, unless I turn hypocrite. Yet I want to add even my humble aid toward helping the fallen. Is there room for me?

You are an infidel; I am a deist and spiritualist. The church people are creeds.

So you see I am, as you would say, "between the devil and the deep blue sea."

These fallen ones think that women do not care for them. They think that all this praying and drivelling talk of the church women about saving them is all done simply for the purpose of saving souls to Christ, and for the earthly glorification of themselves among their own set. And justly they think this; at least so far as most of them are concerned. But they are wrong when they think there are not women who are broad enough and deep enough to understand their needs better than most of the church kind.

I do not utterly condemn the motives of the church women, but they are going at it all wrong.

With them it is number one first, Christ second and the demi-monde a bad third.

Like you Brother, I have no fixed notion of what to do first, but I will venture a few of my ideas.

In the first place it will be a telling stroke to get the names, by hook or by crook, of men who visit the big houses during the week, and publish them. This would be taking the bull by the horns; but fight fire with fire. Must these poor women live in eternal disgrace while so-called reputable citizens creep away from these places, like thieves in the night?

Then again, if these women were not so much afraid of work; if they would resolve to do the work, and if it cost endurance, show us that they are in earnest; they would find many friends among really good women.

If those who have grown rich in this terrible traffic would stop where they are and use their money to help the others, much good would be done. This would win regard from the good people who would help them, in turn, by every means in their power.

What do you good women do to an erring girl, almost a child, hardly at an age to distinguish between reason and passion? Why, you kick her, stone her, turn her adrift, treat her like a leper, and then, dear souls, you wonder why those awful places fill up so rapidly; why so many girl faces, almost child faces—are seen in them.

It makes no difference if the erring girl had no mother to guide her, that this one had a drunken father to beat her, or that one had no parents at all, but had to subsist upon hard charity sprinkled with tracts and inconsistent prayers. She ought to have known better, of course. What is a ship in a storm without a rudder? What is a boy or girl at certain ages without a guide, or help of the right kind?

Of course there are those whom one cannot help; caused by inheritance they are an infinite pity. There is no help for such this side the grave. But to those who can think and feel; who realize and deplore their degradation, I, for one, am ready to stretch out the right hand of human love to help them.

Why should we not do it? It is to our own interest, as well as theirs. Have we

not brothers and sisters, boys and little baby daughters growing up; and may not one false step cast our idolized ones into the yawning hell, open and waiting with greedy flames to consume? Have we not helped to make these hells, and our ancestors? Men and women we have done it, and until all rise up together, men and women helping each other in this great work, and these fallen women helping us to help them, nothing will be done.

We can shut our lips in our parlors, talk nice and pray too, still the ulcer is under it all, eating, eating, eating.

We may call on the Lord and pray for the lost ones, as some do, and consider our duty done, but prayer is not work; God helps those who help themselves.

Christian women hire a negro girl with perhaps three babies at home, who could not for the life of her tell which is the father of each, and yet will drive from their door a poor white girl, in virtuous indignation, who has one pitiful child. These women tell such a white girl that the poor house is too good for her, and that she had better go to a reform school. They do not tell her, in so many words to go to a house of shame but it amounts to that, all the same.

They would not have such a thing to nurse their children, "Mercy, No." But the black mammy of many babies, also of many colors, sometimes, may teach her children all the fifth she desires, so long as the dear ones do not speak of it to mama.

The girl sinner is not the only soul that fills these places.

There is another kind, fully as much to be pitied, and fully as worthy of help as the girl sinner.

Often a nice girl marries a man for love. After a while his passion for her cools, and he goes back to his old vice. The wife, perhaps, has several pretty children, but even these do not make up for the loss of the husband and love of society, and ten to one, if she is a woman of a good deal of animal in her, she finds a new lover.

These are the women who are not capable of grand sacrifice of self for the right. They long for love, and generally get it, or, at least, a poor substitute for it. Some day the husband finds it out. Tableau!—wife in tears, begs for forgiveness and a little love, and makes promises that very likely she would keep with her husband's help.

But no, the man turns blacker than the woman, gets a divorce, takes his children, puts them in the care of an unloving hireling and pursues his dirty course unmolested.

What of the woman? The very woman friends who should help her do not speak to her. Church members gingerly pull their skirts aside as they pass her and look stonily another way.

She finds work hard to get, if she wants it, and she goes to one of two places—a house of shame or the grave of a suicide.

Church members, pure good women of all beliefs, I ask you how many such have you saved, or tried to save? Again I ask you how many times have you had a chance to help such and drawn back for fear of sullying your own purity by even mere contact with them?

No contact with, or sight of, evil, can smirch the whiteness of a good woman's soul or character, as the kind, though mistaken, ladies who have visited these houses in person have amply proven. They are even better than they were, for they have proven their sincerity.

This letter is not meant to be a tirade against church women. I admire and respect all of them who live honestly up to their firm beliefs. But I take the right to point out the mistakes they have made and are making.

If they choose to turn the cold shoulder on me because I am a deist instead of a creedist, they will prove their title of bigots. If they try to retaliate on me for what I have said I will show that I have more of the Christian spirit than they, for if they snipe me upon the left cheek I will turn unto them the right. Malice, vindictiveness and spite cannot touch me, for they are articles in which I do not deal.

But if they are willing to be tolerant, and work with us in a practical way, dropping all discussion of religion, much good can be done, in harmony, and many be saved.

As for that intellectual Jewess, if she were to open a millinery store in Lexington, I, for one, could go into her store, and come out as I went in, a pure woman. I should treat her with courtesy and politeness just as I would any other shop keeper. A woman who could not do this would be secretly despised by every true woman. She who is so terribly careful of her virtue as to shun that woman who has not much to lose.

Are you church women willing to take it in the broad right spirit? You who are for morality, humanity and justice, are you willing to stand shoulder to shoulder, and leave the religious hat pulling out, to amuse you in times of idleness? You have work to do, and you will find us allies not to be despised.

And for you, Brother in the right, I hope you will go on in the good work you have begun, in aiding our fallen sisters.

I honor you for your candor. I respect you for your honesty in your belief. I admire you for your fearlessness, purity, and lack of that rottenness of sins, hypocrisy. I hope you will live to be a hundred.

You may publish this letter, if you think it can do any good. Like you, I am not afraid to say just what I think and sign my name to it.

Sincerely yours,
JESSIE CLARK GAY.

Jacksonville, Ills., Nov. 1, '94.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed clipping is from St. Louis Chronicle and it is content as correct I wish to express my admiration for you. Like yourself I am called an infidel, but am proud of my religious convictions. Do not consider me a crank, or an inquisitive idiot.

I write these lines because I admire the step you have taken and wish to encourage you in your mission. I may even be able to assist you, not in a financial way, but by suggestions, and perhaps finding employment for some of the unfortunate, here where they are unknown. That is of course for those who are willing to work. For those who are not willing to labor, I fear, there is little hope.

In regard to the one in the article which I have encircled with a pen mark, I wish you would send me full particulars as to her ability and branches she is able to teach. This is a great town for education and I may be able to find an opening for her at once. You may send me the information yourself or give her my address with instructions to write.

I believe there is a great deal in getting such unfortunate away from their old haunts and giving them a chance to make a future for themselves. It is only too true that a fallen woman can never rise again where she is known—not so long at least as the human mind is sustained with Christian hypocrisy and selfishness.

Now sir, if the clipping is true and correct, please let me know. Also inform me if I can address you in confidence in the future. Please send copy of your publication.

Must say that the name appended is not my true name. But on hearing from you I will write over my own signature.

The reason I use a fictitious name is simply because I do not know that these lines will ever reach you. Yours truly,

The following, headlines and all, is from the St. Louis Chronicle. The words "encircled with a pen mark" begin at "A young woman," and end with the words "a house of bad repute."

RESCUE THE FALLEN.

A GREAT INFIDEL, TURNS MISSIONARY.

BUT HE WILL GET ALONG, HE SAYS, WITHOUT PRAYER.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 21.—Charles C. Moore, the infidel editor of the Blue Grass Blade, has undertaken the reformation of fallen women, and in company with two young newspaper men as guides, commenced the task.

Lexington has about 30,000 inhabitants, but more than its share of improper houses. Several blocks of valuable property in the East End are almost wholly given up to these houses, and the good women of the city have been striving for many years to get some convert from the tenderloin precincts of Lexington.

Unlike Parkhurst or any other reformers of note in the country, Moore uses no prayers or oratory, but he met great encouragement today by his plain, fatherly manner and advice. Some of the houses visited were fine and costly buildings, and their furnishings were elegant. Here he was treated in a respectful manner and soon had the attention of the inmates. He did not advocate a house of reform in the sense it has been used, devoting the time mostly to inquiry of how the house of reform worked and as to what plan would be the best suited to these fallen women.

He found that many of them had been in houses of reform and had returned to their wayward lives. They said that there were no prospects for a future, nothing but the same work from one house to another, and that the best they could do after living in a house of reform for several years, would be to serve in a family as domestic, there being absolutely no hope of a future.

They say they are tired of the prayers of the women who frequently came to see them, for the dark reality of the cold, cruel world was before them and they preferred shame to being cuffed about.

Moore has an idea that the reformation of fallen women can be made a success by offering inducements for a future. He found nearly all of these he visited tired of the idle misery, and willing to do drudgery. So he believes that a house of reform should be established on a plan whereby those willing to work could make and save enough money so at the end of four or five years they be able to buy a home of their own, be able to dress as well as other people and not be looked upon with scorn.

Two women here, tired of the life of shame, resolved to get away from that portion of the city in which it abounds, and bought property in a more favorable locality. But no sooner did this become known than a hue cry was raised by the very people arguing for reform and they could not live in their homes. A young woman, very pretty and attractive, with a reasonable amount of education, who although she had not openly defied public morals, resolved a few days ago to turn back in her downward course, and, having no revenue to gain employment, applied to a school for instruction in a branch of study by which she could earn a living, and was refused admission.

Falling, she became disheartened and boldly entered a house of bad repute. Prayers have been offered for these women by good women of Lexington, but their houses, but so far no reformations have been made.

Moore had many promises from those seen by him that they would willingly accept a solution to the difficulty which gave promise of a future.

I have been to see the "young woman very pretty and attractive" alluded to in the St. Louis Chronicle. She fills the bill. She is quite handsome, and her manners are good, and she speaks good English.

She took the address of the gentleman in Illinois, and will write to him, and I have written him giving him a description of her.

La Grange, Ky., Nov. 5, 1894.
Editor Chas. C. Moore:

I have had the pleasure, or it may be a misfortune, to see several copies of your paper the BLUE GRASS BLADE. My son Will Ediss is, unfortunately, a subscriber. You say that you are an infidel, and you have intimated that there is no God, and that the Christian religion is a farce. Now I have one question to ask you, if there is nothing in the Christian religion, why do you fight it so hard? I want you to answer me yes or no, and not beat about the bush. Respect,

JOHN T. EDISS.

You have got that just what you want. Nobody ever heard me "intimate" that there is no God. I have thought, a good many times, said very plainly that there is no God.

You are wrong again in supposing that I ever said "there is nothing in the Christian religion."

There is a great deal in it. It is just full of ignorance, superstition, bigotry, hypocrisy, and has been and is, a curse to humanity.

If you find that it is a "misfortune" to you to see a BLUE GRASS BLADE you ought to shut your eyes when one is about. I have always found that the best way to keep from seeing anything is just to shut my eyes, or get in the dark.

I guess your "son Will," will not beg you to read his BLADE if you don't want to, and if you will just let the BLADE alone, it will let you alone.

I had to back down on the terms of the BLADE.

I said in the last issue of the BLADE that I would take no subscriptions for less than a year. Having been receiving them for shorter times I find it difficult to change, and will have to resume the old way.

Instruction to Agents for the Blue Grass Blade.

LEXINGTON, KY., OCT. 4, '94.
From this date any one wanting to be an agent for the sale of the Blue Grass Blade, must send me 2 CENTS for each copy that he wants provided he takes as many as 10 COPIES, so that the money will get to me on Wednesday before the Sunday on which the paper will be dated.

If the money does not get to me by Wednesday I will retain it, and send the papers for it the next week.

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CHARLES C. MOORE, Editor.

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You owe for the paper from the date printed after your name.

If, in sending me money, you do not expressly state it is at "Poor man's rates," you will be credited at "Rich man's rates."

If you do not want the paper, please inform me, or direct the postmaster to inform me to that effect. If you do want the paper please pay me promptly for it, or notify me that you intend to do so, at your earliest convenience.

In general terms I ask you, whether you be Christian or infidel, to do to me, as you would have me do to you.

Yours fraternally,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
Editor B. G. BLADE.

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LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 5, 1894.

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FRANK W. ARMSTRONG.

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NOAH'S ARK.

An Editorial Letter to Rev. Prof. J. W. McGarvey About That Famous Boat.

Rev. Prof. J. W. McGarvey.

Dear Sir:—Your position at the head of the theological department of Kentucky University, and your reputation as a speaker and writer on theology, make you, perhaps, the most prominent theologian in Kentucky. You and I received our theological training in the same institution, and we have stood together in the same pulpit. You said to me, in a sermon at the Broadway Christian church in this city, that though I had said many hard things you never knew me to tell a lie. We have been personal friends ever since I first knew you, which was before the war. You and Col. Bain and I are recognized as the most energetic workers for Prohibition in Lexington. You presided at a body of churchmen who excommunicated me from the Christian church simply because I did not believe the miraculous part of the Bible, and not because you knew, or even suspected, any immorality in my life. I declined to appear before your ecclesiastical body when cited to do so, because I was indifferent as to the result of your deliberation, but, had I appeared in my own defence, you were presumably ready to attempt to show why you were right in believing in the infallibility of the Bible, and why I was wrong in not believing in it. The instruction to you as a Christian, and much more as a minister of the gospel is, "be ready always to give to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is within you." (1 Peter 3:15).

You have recently written for the Christian Standard, Cincinnati, some long articles defending the story of the Deluge and Noah's Ark, as given in the Bible, against some one who attacked that account from the standpoint of what is known as "higher criticism."

I read some of your argument in that connection, and think that you probably sustained yourself against the "higher critic" but the great body of infidels, one of whom I am, no more accept the principles of "higher criticism" than they do those of orthodox religionists.

Dean Milman and Canon Farrar, for instance, are "higher critics" and as prominent as any theologians in the world.

I will give a specimen of their reasoning. In the New Testament we have the following language in connection with the miraculous manifestation said to have occurred at the death of Jesus:

"And the tombs were opened; and many bodies of the saints that had fallen asleep were raised; and coming forth out of the tombs after his resurrection, he entered into the holy city and appeared unto many." (Matt. 27: 51-53).

Here the resurrection of the saints is brought into direct connection with the resurrection of Jesus, and the resurrection after his, in order that he might have the honor of being first in the procession; and the one event appears to be fully as miraculous as the other, the earthquake, the rising, and the appearing unto many being related of each. But the resurrection of the saints is allowed, even by conservative critics, to be visionary and mythical. Milman says of it:

"The same convulsion (the earthquake) would displace the stones which covered the ancient tombs, lay open as they do the innumerable, sack-burned sepulchres which perforated the hills on every side of the city, and expose the dead to public view. To the awe-struck and depressed minds of the followers of Jesus, no doubt, were confirmed those visionary appearances of the spirits of their deceased brethren." (Quoted in "Supernatural Religion" from Milman's Hist. Christianity, 1, p. 366).

And to the same effect Farrar: "An earthquake shook the earth and split the rocks, and as it rolled away from their places the great stones which closed and covered the cavern sepulchres of the Jews, so it seemed to the imaginations of many to have disimprisoned the spirits of the dead, and to have filled the air with ghostly visitants, who after Christ had risen appeared to linger in the holy city." (Life of Christ, p. 661).

Such admissions as these on the part of able and professed apologists, and the revelation how singularly frail is the evidence for the resurrection of Jesus; for if the resurrection of the saints was the product of a pious imagination of the followers of Jesus, their appearance unto many in Jerusalem "visionary," the resurrection of Jesus may safely be regarded as of the same character and referred to the same cause, the earthquake being in each case as completely mythical as the resurrection. The imagination which raised the saints could be depended upon not to leave Jesus in the grave.

In your reply to the "higher critic," I did not anywhere find any place from which I could determine whether or not you believed the story of the Noachian deluge was an actual occurrence, or whether its existence in the Bible could be explained away as Milman and Farrar explain away the story of the resurrection of the saints at the crucifixion of Jesus.

I am very anxious to hear you definitely on this point, and think there are a great many people who would say the same. I do not know whether or not you believe the story of Noah's flood, as given in the Bible, but assuming that you do I will dogmatically assert the infidel view of the matter, and if you can not accept that view, I ask you to furnish your written objection to it, preferring that you should use my paper as your means of communication.

It seems to me that if you believe that story of the ark you must of necessity associate with it, in your own mind, some of the details of the story, and these I would like for you to give us. For instance, please explain to us how the varieties of animals that lived in America, and Australia and other islands and remote lands, being such animals as were not found in the country where the ark was built, got to the ark.

It is said that Noah took all kinds of food for all kinds of animals and also all kinds of food for himself and his family. The food of all the carnivorous animals is the flesh of other animals, who a part of the food of Noah and his family must have been the flesh of animals, and supposable of the clean animals, of which there were but two of each.

How then could Noah feed himself and his family, and a large part of the animals on the flesh of other animals without destroying some of the limited number of animals of each kind that he was allowed to take into the ark?

Supposing Noah to have killed animals to get flesh for his family and his flesh-eating animals to eat and to have stored it away in the ark before the flood began, how could he keep the meat from becoming tainted during the time of the flood? The animals would not eat it if salted, and there seems to have been no provision for either natural or artificial ice. If it be answered that God could have preserved the meat miracu-

lously, just as he could miraculously have gotten many of the animals across the oceans from distant countries by miracle, then if God was going to use miracle at all to preserve some of the human race and some of the animals through the deluge, why was it necessary to have Noah to build an ark at all; since simply by such a miracle as that in the case of Jesus and Peter walking on the water, Noah and his family and the animals that God designed should be saved, could all have just walked on the surface of the water and have been supplied with food by miracle.

Some of the "creeping things" and small animals that lived in remote parts of the earth, and no specimens of which lived in Armenia where the Ark was built could not, at their ordinary gait of traveling, have gotten to the ark in hundreds of years. They could not have gotten across the ocean, and those that lived in the South frigid zone could not have lived through the climate that they would have to pass through on the equator. Unless God specially inspired and directed each animal, large and small, an insect of every kind, they could not have found their way to the ark, and the very fact that God directs Noah to build an ark to save himself and family and the animals, shows that God's plan was to save all these by natural means, and not by the use of miracle.

A cubit in the Bible is twenty-two and a half feet. In round numbers, the ark was 600 feet long, 100 feet wide and 60 feet high. This ark had only one door and one window, the only two openings in it. The door was fastened when the rain began and kept fastened until after the ark rested, and the window, which was only a little less than two feet square, was fastened all the time until near the end of the deluge. The ark, naturally meaning the whole ark, above water and below was pitched within and without, and was therefore not only absolutely dark inside, but without any chance of ventilation; so that man and beast must have smothered.

The temperature in the ark must have been the same for all animals, and a polar bear would have died in a few hours in a climate that a hippopotamus could live in.

The water at the deluge came thirty feet above the highest mountains, and the highest mountains are seven miles high.

Every volcano in the world would have been extinguished. The deluge, according to the accepted Bible chronology was 4243 years ago. There are volcanoes burning now, I suppose, where the geological formations would indicate that they had been burning much longer than that.

If that water was more than seven miles deep on the land, it must have been more than that deep on the whole sea and ocean, because water will seek its level, and it had to cover the remotest island of the earth. What then has become of all that water?

The Bible says it "dried," that is evaporated, from off the earth. All evaporation now goes to form clouds. Is that much water now in our clouds, or did God annihilate that superfluous amount of water, or did he take it to some other world?

The New Testament teaches that Noah was preaching to the people to get them to prepare for the flood, and the people were drowned because they did not believe Noah. Prof. Agassiz, the Christian scientist says, the remains of men have been found in the delta of the Mississippi that were 13,000 years old. There were then human beings in America 9,000 years before the flood. As nobody from the Eastern Hemisphere ever heard of our Hemisphere, until after 900 years ago, what was the cause of their punishing Americans by drowning them because they did not repent at the preaching of Noah?

If the best man that you ever knew should now commence preaching that God would destroy the world by water, or by fire, or tornado, or any other way, in one hundred and twenty years from now, would you believe the man? Would you believe that man if he should take an oath that God had inspired him to preach this, or that God had personally appeared to him and told him this? Certainly not.

If you would not believe such a man now, since you believe that such a thing has once happened, how can you think that the people ought to have believed Noah before such a thing had ever happened?

Would you believe any man in the world now who would claim to know what was going to be done in a hundred and twenty years from now; would you believe it if the man should say God had told him so, and if the man was willing to die for his faith in what he claimed God had said to him? Certainly not; you would not believe it any sooner than I would. Suppose God should to-day inspire some man to proclaim something wonderful that was to take place in a hundred and twenty years from now, would you believe that man?

Certainly not, you would say, as any rational man would say, that it was much more probable that the man was lying or mistaken, or had become insane, than that he should have been inspired.

Somebody has just sent me a pamphlet

in which a man who is evidently a cultivated man, and very familiar with the Bible, says he has calculated the meaning of the Bible prophecies, and that the world will come to an end in A. D. 1900. You claim to believe the New Testament that tells you the world is going to be brought to an end, in such language that you are warranted in believing that this may take place to-morrow, but will you take pains even to inquire about the book of the learned Christian? Certainly not.

There was then no reason why anybody should have believed the preaching of Noah, and God knew that, and knew they would not believe him, and he simply made Noah spend one hundred and twenty years of his life in preaching, when he knew he would not make one convert.

Noah's Ark was much the largest boat ever built. Noah and his three sons could not have built it, and nobody would help any man to build such a boat as that. If they were a 120 years in building it, the first timbers would have rotted before the last ones could have been put in place.

Iron or metal of some kind must have been used in the construction of such a boat. Nobody has ever found any metal remains of the ark. Such a boat, if it remained after the flood any time, must have been a very wonderful thing to those who saw it and knew about it, and it would have been preserved. There are not even any traditions about relics from the ark having been preserved.

It would have been impossible for water to be higher than the mountains all over the earth, because at the poles it would have been changed into ice from the ark having been preserved.

There would have been no reason to take the amphibious animals into the ark, because the flood could not have hurt them.

There are remains of animals now found in the earth that are supposed to have been there for 4000 years. If the water in the deluge was thirty feet higher than the highest mountain the bodies of whales, dead or alive, would in some instances, have drifted from over the bed of the sea, and have been left on the land when the water subsided. No such remains of a whale have ever been found.

Men have written all kind of lies, both for amusement and for profit. All intelligent people admit that many of the most unreasonable lies have been written about all religions except their own religion. The Greeks have a story about Deucalion and Pyrrha that is very similar to the one about Noah's Ark. Some of these religious stories are probably older than the Bible, and some not so old.

It is not possible that anybody now can know who wrote that story about Noah's Ark. It is simply a tradition among the Jews that Moses did it.

Jesus Christ did not seem to have much regard for Jewish traditions, and just in the ratio that the Jews become intelligent do they quit believing the stories of the Bible.

These are simply the most natural difficulties that are in the way of my belief in the story of the deluge. There are many others that could be suggested.

The writers of the New Testament accept the story of the deluge as a true one and the belief in this story is therefore closely related to belief in the Christian religion.

I do not think you can, as a fair and honest man, occupy the position that you do, afford to ignore my request to answer these questions. It will not do for you simply to assert your belief that these things occurred just as they are written in the Bible. It is impossible for you really to believe the story of Noah's Ark without having with that story, some opinion as to facts and incidents connected with the story, and I want to hear your opinion on this subject, and think that under any circumstances, and especially under existing circumstances I have a right to expect that you will give us your opinion on this subject.

In fact, while I do not propose to force you into a reply to this article, a marked copy of which will be sent you, I think it will be fair to conclude that you are either afraid to attempt a defence of this story of the ark, if indeed you believe it at all, or that you are indifferent to the claims of your religion, if you do not reply to this communication.

I do not even know that you claim to believe this story. I once said to you, in a private conversation, that I did not think you believed the story of Balaam's ass.

You only laughed and made no reply. I do not see how you can believe it, nor will I believe that you do believe it until I have your declaration to that effect.

There is much interest now being felt about these matters, and more than ever before, in the history of this country are men asking information on these subjects.

I hope that you will answer this, and that in your answer you will grant me the privilege of reviewing your answer. I believe I would do it fairly and candidly and believe that this would be the general impression about me.

Hoping that I may speedily hear from you, I am fraternally yours,

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